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UofT War
Protestors

WUSC's Student Refugee Program

Innis College's WUSC student, Patrick Androga, writes about why we are so proud to be a part of this unique program and honoured to have scholars like him in our midst.

Mission statement: World University of Canada (WUSC) is a network of individuals and post-secondary institutions who believe that all peoples are entitled to knowledge and skills necessary to contribute to a more equitable world. Its mission is to foster human development and global understanding through education and training.

WUSC is one of the oldest and largest non-profit, non-governmental international development organizations in Canada. WUSC has student-run committees on over 70 university and college campuses across Canada who engage in on-campus education about international development issues through speakers, conferences, discussions, films and other awareness events.

Every year, at least 40 refugee students enter Canada through this program, which is directed towards student refugees who long for a chance to continue their post-secondary studies and resettle in Canada as landed immigrants. The aim is that these students will attain their degrees and, if they wish, remain in Canada as landed immigrants. For over 20 years now, more than 600 student refugees have been

sponsored.

The WUSC-SRP began in 1977 with an urgent request from the WUSC international Office in Geneva for assistance in the immediate resettlement of a young student. The student had fled his native Zimbabwe and subsequently had been jailed in Zambia. Working through Amnesty International, this student was able to leave Zambia and enter Canada through a sponsorship at Carlton University. From then, WUSC has coordinated a program that privately sponsors refugee students to come to Canada to pursue their post-secondary educations. WUSC considers the SRP a significant part of its international development work. There are also numerous opportunities offered to Canadian students through WUSC youth programs and internships in various developing countries. By assisting people whose education has been interrupted by war and/or persecution, the SRP is a tool for Canadian students to deepen their understanding about refugee and development issues, and the interconnectedness between global and local issues.

The University of Toronto is involved in this project, and its WUSC Local Committee is currently in the process of selecting the

next refugee students to come to U of T next year. The sponsorship program is supported by the students' contributions within the university. The levy that is as small as 50 cents contributed by each student with their usual student fees helps to sponsor at least one refugee student for one year or two. The federal government of Canada, loans the students enough money to cover transport finances which are repaid by the student at a later date. Fundraising has been a continual challenge for the local WUSC committee. Thanks to the persistence and zeal of a dedicated group of volunteers, this is a commitment that will continue as long as there are students at U of T and that is a mighty long time. The sponsorship was meant to establish the student in the first year and then allow him or her to be self-reliant in the consequent years. At Innis College, Hando Kang had been responsible for this year's (2002-03) refugee student. The local WUSC Committee or Sponsoring Group on the campus is looking for volunteers like you who have the enthusiasm and energy it takes to raise the necessary money (and have fun doing it) and to be there for the refugee student during the sponsorship year. The commitment doesn't end once the money is raised. Refugee students need your

friendship and support to settle in a new country with different ethnicity.

I fled the political violence and war in my country Sudan in 1990 and settled in Kenya as a refugee. There I met the WUSC representatives who helped me to pursue post-secondary education in Canada after staying for over a decade in Kenya. I am currently a first-year science student at U of T. The culture shock has not yet worn off, but is no longer overwhelming. Canada is becoming home, but adapting to this culture, takes forever. I know I can help the next student to settle more quickly.

While international students in Canada bring a wealth of different academic, social perspectives to the learning environment, I believe that the internationalization of Canadian campuses means much more than just bringing more international students to the universities. We need to encourage the cross-cultural learning on all levels. In particular, we need to encourage Canadian student mobility. Almost any student who has had an overseas, cross-cultural experience will tell you that it has benefited them in profound ways. Whether it's through

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Flying the Victory Signs at Half-mast Stunned by the victory of protesting, Steffi Daft still asks, "What difference will it actually make?"

Under intense grilling by the House of Commons on Monday, March 17, Prime Minister Jean Chretien said that we're not going to war. Bush may be, Blair may be, but Chretien says that Canada is staying put: "If military action proceeds without a new resolution of the Security Council, Canada will not participate."

This is an overwhelming victory for Canadian dissent. Only a few weeks ago, we were the followers of the war campaign and now we're letting the parade pass by. I am not fully congratulating Chretien because he has not come out against Bush like his braver French and German counterparts; I am however extending my humble kudos to everyone who marched, everyone who relentlessly flyered and everyone who kept the hope alive that mass demonstrations and peaceful protests can make a difference.

I am especially flabbergasted because, after a long time of streetwalking for a good cause, I gave up the hope that it would actually amount to anything. For years we held vigils outside the Chinese embassy pleading for the release of Tibet but nothing has come of it. We still shout outside; the Falun Dafa are still holding their 24-hour pray-in; and still the Chinese continue their imperialist agenda. So perhaps I have been approaching this all wrong. Perhaps the answer lies in, gasp, democracy, whereby my representative

really listens to me and voices my concerns. I honestly would never have believed it if I hadn't just read it on my very own computer screen (because of course the internet never lies) but now I am just...shocked. This is definitely some sort of victory, but whether Canadian troops not participating has any effect on the devastation in Iraq is a whole other question, and I am still far from certain where an answer lies. After all, I am sure that the Iraqis being shelled in their sleep, expelled from their homes, and losing their lives will be happy to know that no Canuck was involved in the shellfire. So yes, it's a victory for us, but does it really make a difference in the end? Yes it's better for us as educated, conscientious civilians to protest than to do nothing, but is the Canadian government doing nothing good enough for us to stop protesting?

**See the dissent
section starting
on page 4.**

A Personal Dissent

Co-Editor Corey Katz gives his view on dissent: it must be in the mind of each individual.

I'll admit it; by most standards I'm a horrible vegetarian. In fact, though I say I'm a vegetarian, I still eat fish fairly often: lunches are made so much easier with a can of tuna; it's easier to find something to eat at bars; I still intake a source of the nutrients that animal flesh provides. Moreover, I still drink milk and eat eggs. My dietary smorgasbord is not very consistent: I don't eat the flesh of mammals or birds, but I still enslave one type of mammal as milk-producing machines, and enslave one type of bird as offspring-producing machines. I am aware of all this. I am aware of the role fast food restaurants play in obesity, but occasionally I eat at McDonald's. I am aware of the role coffee plays in the mistreatment of labour in South America, but I do not buy "ethical" coffee.

I disagree with the enslavement of animals to produce things that humans don't really need to survive, especially with our current scientific understanding of nutrition. I disagree with the mistreatment of labour in the name of lower prices for North American consumers. I disagree with the homogenization of culture that is mass produced and imposed by McDonald's and other establishments in countries throughout the world.

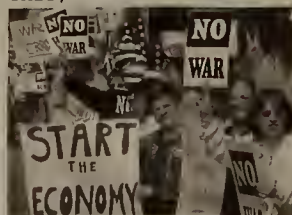
I have all these understandings, but I refuse to be judged by others for my far from perfect behaviour. The emphasis should be on saying "No"

in your head not "Yes" to the chorus of traditional left- or right-wingers that may harangue you to change your ways. It is a conscious decision that you must make for yourself to refuse to be engulfed, enslaved and entranced by the homogenization and North Americanization of culture and diet. Realize for yourself that this world has enough trouble supporting one North America, let alone a multitude of them. And then decide for yourself how you will actualize this disagreement, and be proud of yourself when you are able to, and do not feel guilty over your slip-ups or guilty pleasures.

I encourage a personal revolution because every revolution must begin in principle and must begin in the mind. And each person who makes the decision to say "No" on her own grounds is another step forward in that imperfect search to try and find a better way than all this. How you find the alternative that is right for you is your own journey, and is based on how you choose to educate yourself. Want knowledge: try to understand every point of view and then disagree with all of them. Be in a state of flux always, because it is that straining, struggling and striving for something better that is more important than success or failure.

If you begin with non-acceptance, you've already won. If we all being this way, we will start to take back our power.

OHIO, USA



MEXICO CITY, MEXICO



PANAMA CITY, PANAMA



BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA



MOSCOW, RUSSIA



BERLIN, GERMANY



SAO PAULO, BRAZIL



Principal's Column

by Frank Cunningham

It's coming and nothing can stop it! It's not Godzilla, not the Plague, but much worse. Swarming out of the schools, propellers on the tops of their beanies spinning, lollipops falling from their gaping mouths — Yes, it's the Double Cohort!

This is the tone of what I hear from those faculty and students who face the wave of students entering University out of grade 12 with fear and trembling. That there is cause for trepidation regarding the sheer quantity of students coming from two grades is beyond doubt. We've already seen more crowded classrooms, longer queues, filled courses, and the like due to this year's increased enrolments, and these problems can only be exacerbated next year.

The anxiety I address is the fear that students coming directly from grade 12 will be insufficiently mature to cope with university academic and social pressures. I am sceptical. Only Ontario has had grade 13, and yet first year students cope in places like UBC, the University of Saskatchewan, and Memorial. To be sure, the cultures of the beer-guzzling, party universities exhibit maturity levels barely above junior kindergarten, but this is true of their students in all four years, not just the first.

One justified cause for worry concerns academic skill levels. I have the impression that grade 13 mainly aimed to give students beginning university-level training — especially in writing and math. As a result, schools felt little need to do this in earlier years. If this is so, there is not much to do about next years incoming class. Regarding the future the solutions are either for the University to turn its first year into grade 13 (not likely) or for the schools to adjust. The admittedly slight and indirect experiences I have in this matter do not give me cause for hope.

One experience was as a member of a Provincial team to write the grades 11 and 12 humanities and social science courses, the other was helping to prepare a high school text book. My first shock on the writing team came when the government ministry sent us rules for formulating course "expectations." These are of the form: "By the end of the course, the student will be able to ____." The rules specified what verbs were permissible and impermissible in completing the expectations. Among the permissible verbs were, "identify," "list," "give an example of." Among the impermissible ones were, "analyze," "criticize," "evaluate."

The writing team rebelled against this

restriction. Some speculated that the motive was to discourage critical thinking. While I would not put such a scheme beyond the current government, I do not think this was the principal motive. Instead, I think the permissible verbs were selected because they lent themselves to multiple choice and fill in the blank testing. Though we won this little battle, I doubt that the motive I impute to the Ministry is isolated. The attraction of designing courses around multiple choice examinations is that these are easy (and cheap) to mark. Their effect is to deny students practice in the sort of essay writing essential to a proper university education.

The book writing experience was equally distressing. This was for a large publisher of school texts. I and my co-authors (of a text for the grade 11 philosophy course) found ourselves in perpetual battle with our editors. We wanted challenging material; they wanted us to dumb the book down to comic book level. We wanted the exposition of philosophical theories; they wanted jazzy questions. I concluded that the rationale was to produce a text for "average" students, who the editors assumed were stupid and for teachers they assumed were lazy and wished only to have provocative questions to throw out for class debate. The effect, again, would be to deny students important skills and training. Luckily, we found another publishers that shared our views; however, I fear that the establishment publisher's stance informs much of the material produced for the schools, at least in the social sciences and humanities.

If my suspicions are correct, then the absence of grade 13 to compensate for deficiencies will make next year very academically challenging for incoming students and their professors alike.

What about social problems? This is a matter for student readers of the Herald, especially those with younger siblings, to address. I conclude by musing that if there is a problem it will be less one for the incoming students than for senior ones. Will they, like their professors, experience "generation-gap shock?" To give just one example (about which I plan a future column), I wonder whether, as the younger students start writing for the Varsity and the college papers, our third and fourth year students will find themselves subjected, as I am now, to comic strips, the humour of which, though presumably funny to their juniors, is utterly mysterious to them.

Community

Allure Photos



WUSC

...continued from the front page.

discussing world issues or developing a bond with a refugee student, a WUSC local committee brings new life to Canada. WUSC also benefits Canadians by affording them unique experiences in their fields of study in a developing country, along with the opportunity to develop the international skills that will foster global understanding and international cooperation for the future.

The WUSC representative for the 2002-2003 school year is Hando Kang, and therefore any one can direct questions to him through this email: hando.kang@utoronto.ca. The WUSC office is in Ottawa at the following address: 1404 Scott St., Ottawa, Canada Tel. (613) 978-7477 Fax. (613) 798-0990



Dissent

The Signs I Did Not Carry

Duncan Iveniuk struggles to glean some sort of succinct message from the anti-war protests.

"Welcome to the protest against the war in Vietnam," joked a haggard vet in a wheelchair, confirming some of my worst suspicions about the protest. I already knew that I needn't fear a snail turnout, as every passenger on my subway car seemed to simultaneously rise as we arrived at Dundas station. No, I had a different breed of fear: that none of us at this rally actually knew why we were there. That same kind of dread plagued me when my high school protested the switch to the new curriculum. In that protest, I recall people not knowing what they were fighting for: I heard loud, disorganized opinions against everything from the school board to the existence of TAP. And I thought about how that same chaotic, rebel-without-a-cause revelry had been attributed to the anti-war movement by everyone from CNN to my own personal hero John Stewart. I wondered if I would see a repeat.

Signs at this rally were consistent in only three major ideas: Bush is bad, no more war, and that the States are seeking to buy oil with blood. "OIL FUELS WAR!" read one sign. "ONLY STUPID PEOPLE DROP SMART BOMBS!" read another. And there and everywhere, culture-jammed pictures of Bush abounded, usually labeled in red and white with the words "INTERNATIONAL TERRORIST" underneath. Old faces, young faces and smiling, frowning black brown and pale, frozen, pink faces were around me. Men in touges. Women without them. Men without them and occasionally a young girl in a *hijab*. The rally spoke of a strong pluralism, but aside from that it appeared too thoughtless, and too disorganized. And with the grim prophecies that I read in the Globe and Mail that morning hanging over me, pluralism was not enough.

Overseas, people were suffering and dying under the yoke of oppression and all we seemed prepared to do to help them was make a big noise for no reason. My head swam with politics, groping desperately for anything resembling a divine plan. The only solace I had at first was to keep reading signs. There were signs like "IF YOU CAN READ THIS, YOU'RE NOT

THE PRESIDENT!" or "BUSH: GLOBAL VILLAGE IDIOT!" and finally, my favorite of the day: "IF YOU'RE NOT OFFENDED, YOU'RE NOT PAYING CLOSE ENOUGH ATTENTION!" And what I found was that as the man upon the stage spoke those politically-minded words that I had been waiting to hear – things like "Even CNN has to recognize us... we are not the voices of dissent, we are the voices of a global majority" – I found myself more and more drawn to the signs, and what they said about why people had come to this rally. Why did they all come here and why now? Global records for protest were being set even as I was spun about in the crowd, negotiating my eye from sign to sign. What is the movement that Stewart missed – that I was missing?

Before history can forever solidify that answer in our children's textbooks, let me speak a few words in defense of this movement that shakes the halls of the United Nations. If you are looking for a well thought out ideology among these protesters, you must realize, as I did, that you will never find it. There is no complexity here. How could there be? A political movement necessitates simplicity so that it might pluck the broadest section of the populace into it. The anti-war movement has succeeded because it carries with it a most elementary human need. To protest against Bush means you need the world to change, before it breaks you. Those who protest need to believe that the world can turn on a different axis than one of economics, *realpolitik* and death. This cannot be how the world works. We refuse to accept it. I, too, was thinking about a sign to carry at the rally, which would have read: "LET DEATH DIE!" I rejected it because I thought it sounded irrational. I don't think I would make the same decision now. This rally was, after all, collecting the bleeding, angry hearts from the Left, from the Right and from the just plain "undecided" (as I choose to label those souls untainted by traditional politics). I had no place among those who gathered under the common banner of "anger and hope."

Strangely, once I figured this out, I began to see the amorphous zygote of a political strategy taking shape among the rhetoric. Calls for housing plans emerged from the podium. Criticisms of Bush's ignorance of the AIDS epidemic in Africa came next. Calls to fly "a Flag of Love" in every town of the world went up. There was even a rapper with a catchily lit number entitled "War of Terrorism." A new standard was being formed. The mind was coming to the fore. New leaders were emerging here today, who would urge progress forward with their minds, not their hearts. I had joined my childhood too late, it seemed. Everyone else had already grown up. So one final question remains: Why did I stay after that? I had already found security in this new movement. I had figured it out. I had satisfied my mind and now my heart was free to roam wherever it wished. So why did I stay? Why did I march with them to the Metro Centre? I am not sure I can explain it myself. The beating of drums did not engage me, nor did the John Lennon playing in the background. I stopped looking up at the signs, and the cameras that were turned upon us did not coerce me to perform for them. What I do remember, however, was that while I did not see much of the march, or the signs, or the spectacle after a while, I do remember one girl out of the crowd. She was in white, wearing a scarf checkered with the American flag. Her mittens didn't match. She had a lip-ring. And she skipped through the crowd with a grinning energy that made her hard to keep up with – but I could not stop walking behind her, neither could I draw my attention away from the two crude, cardboard wings which she wore on her back. As everyone else followed their grand purpose, I followed her and her wings wherever they led me. And on those wings were written a few words, in flaky, blue pastel – they fascinated me more than any other sign on that day:

BECAUSE NO-ONE IS FREE
UNTIL WE ALL ARE
FREE

HIROSHIMA, JAPAN



TOKYO, JAPAN



CYPRUS



QUEZON, PHILIPPINES



KARACHI, PAKISTAN



The war IS about oil – but I'm still not a Marxist

First-time Herald contributor Peter McCamus weighs the war with Iraq against petroleum and personal convictions only to find that even Karl Marx could not have predicted the balance from the anti-war protests.

As I arrive home eager to start writing this, I get a somewhat cryptic phone message: "Anti-war needs you today!" It is from a friend who calls himself a Marxist, and the next few days will probably decide whether we can still be friends. At the moment it is not looking good.

It may seem vulgar to write from a largely personal perspective at a time like this, so let me ground this discussion in some of my perceptions of the lead-up to this war. As has probably often been the case throughout history, the impressiveness of the mass sentiment

against this war is matched only by the insanity of the people leading the drive to military confrontation. Jonathan Franzen characterises the pre-war atmosphere in the U.S. in 1991 as follows: "[In] the near-total absence of public scepticism about the war, the United States seemed to me hopelessly unmoored from reality – dreaming of glory in the massacre of faceless Iraqis, dreaming of infinite oil for hour-long commutes, dreaming of exemption from the rules of history" (*How To Be Alone*, p. 56). The public's sensitivity to the very real possibility that

this war will increase the incidence of terrorism in North America would seem to indicate that people have realised post-9/11 that we are not exempt from the often retributive "rules of history".

Noam Chomsky has said that the absence of public debate in 1991 meant that the U.S. went to war "very much in the manner of a totalitarian state" (*Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media*, p. 77). While Franzen's characterization of an era would still describe a significant portion of the pro-war faction in 2003, the comments made by

Chomsky no longer hold. For better or worse, 2003 has seen something that 1991 did not: an open and very healthy public debate about the necessity or detriment of a war before it has actually been declared. This has, I think, to be a function of the Internet, still in its infancy in 1991. It has simply proved impossible for George W. Bush or Tony Blair to say anything publicly without it immediately being criticised, cross-referenced, or exposed as an outright fraud on the Internet. Further, a lot of the stories circulating on the Web continued on next page...

The war IS about oil – but I'm still not a Marxist

...continued from the previous page.

eventually make it into the more "legitimate" mainstream media, such as the U.S. war plan of "Shock and Awe", the plagiarised dossier, and the letter many of the Bush administration's top brass wrote while working for an extreme right-wing "think tank" and sent to Bill Clinton in 1997 asking him to launch an aggressive war on Iraq (thus proving that this war has no link to 9/11—that is just an opportunistic pretext). The fact of the matter is that the Internet is the first truly free medium of mass communication, ungovernable and uncontrollable, and though much of what's on it is garbage, the stuff that is of value can find a wide audience and demonstrates the ability to change minds. The results being that in spite of the extremely aggressive two-year propaganda campaign run by the most powerful country in history, the world is still not buying the assertion that this war is necessary. It is possible to argue that this just wasn't possible twelve years ago the way it is now.

It was certainly said even twelve years ago that the war was really about oil, but the fact that Saddam Hussein had invaded Kuwait kept this from being widely accepted as a serious contention. Now, it is a theory so banal that it is regularly repeated even on the CBC. Why is it that the whole world seems comfortable with the basically materialist assertion that, despite the rhetoric being generated by the intellectual "superstructure", the war is really about oil? Has everyone turned into Marxists?

If there is any doubt about the material basis of this conflict, the US has eliminated it with its own rhetoric and its threats of economic sanctions against some of its long-standing allies (are we next?). As France and Germany threatened to block the new UN resolution on Iraq, U.S. spokespersons revealed the "real" reason for the resistance for these nations: not idealism but the crude material fact that they have oil contracts with Saddam that will dissolve if the U.S.-led war succeeds. This is doubtless true. But the conclusion we are meant to draw is absurd: While the French and the Germans are supposed to appear as crude materialists, the Americans are supposed to be the idealistic crusaders for democracy. The truth, as per usual, lies somewhere in between. Germany and France have governments that depend on the support of left-wing voters and so they cannot afford to ignore the will of their populations as George W. Bush can and does. Material interests aside, France and Germany are behaving like democracies, and that seems to be distasteful to the present American regime.

From an environmentalist perspective, it is astonishing to realise that crude oil, a non-renewable resource, is as cheap as spring water, an infinitely renewable one. This is insanity, and it will lead sooner rather than later to an unlivable planet. The U.S. and the West generally have made sure that oil stays this cheap, since no one else uses as much of it as we do. But if the human race is going to survive,

we've got to start paying a lot more for oil, or facing a lot less of it. As Jonathan Franzen writes: "[T]he swollen minivans and broad-beamed trucks that had replaced the automobile as the suburban vehicle of choice... were the true spoils of a war waged to keep American gasoline cheaper than dirt". (*How To Be Alone*, pg. 64)

I must say that it's odd, as someone who locates himself on the political left, to be in the majority for once! There is certainly a seductive sense of power in being a part of a mass movement, and yet, I couldn't help but wonder, over the last week or two, if being a part of that majority isn't also somewhat problematic. (On this topic, see Christopher Hitchens's article, "Hawks in the Dovecote", that details why evil men like Henry Kissinger and George Bush Sr. are supposedly opposed to the war – available online at www.observer.co.uk).

The most interesting poll result I have heard over the last few weeks indicates that of the people who support the war, 68% of them say they SUPPORT it on moral grounds. Of those who oppose the war, 68%—the exact same percentage—say that they OPPOSE it on moral grounds. So the majority, for and against, are attempting to act on what they see as moral grounds. Why then is there so much disagreement about what the right course of action is?

A Marxist/Leninist might tell you it is because of "false consciousness", and while I don't hold with this doctrine, in this case I have to agree that those who say they support the war for moral reasons are clearly lacking in information. War is not the right term for what is planned. "War" implies a real contest of opposing forces. In that sense, the war is not just against the people of Iraq, who will pay an unjustifiable price, but against the forces of peace—which have been called "the other superpower" in a bipolar world of U.S. domination—against the minority that wants this war. "Organized slaughter" might be a better term for what is planned. But I'm not going to rehash that debate here.

What interests me more is the brutal irony that our attempt to do what is right—and by 'us' I mean everyone in that 68% who are both for and against the war on moral grounds—does not lead to what, for lack of a less troublesome term, we might call a "rational" outcome. Are we doomed to destroy ourselves even when we attempt to do what is 'right'?

So to return to the details of my own experience in 'the movement', I finally snapped over the weekend with this Marxist friend and decided that I couldn't participate in whatever it was he was trying to organize people to do, despite my deep antipathy to the war. How could I, as someone who believes in democracy, take people's names and contact information to 'mobilize' them for what this friend cheerfully anticipates: the overthrow of the Canadian "ruling class" (i.e. the people we're stupid enough to vote for every four years)? I objected that while popular

support for the anti-war cause is high, the issues of trade and globalization that many of us see as linked to this war are not as polarising. But this fell on deaf ears. On the contrary, I was told, "People are radicalising. People are making the connections. The revolution is around the corner." Maybe, but it's not a prospect I can cheer on. It's not that I am deeply cynical about human nature. How could you be when a poll tells us that 68% of everyone wants to do the right thing? People's hearts are obviously in the right places; but that hasn't stopped the war, and that ought to sober us up to the fact that there are no easy answers, even given all the goodwill in the world. Put another way: the problem is not that people are selfish or unsympathetic; the problem is that we are radically fallible, and no amount of social engineering will change that basic fact of human nature.

(As I write this, Jean Chrétien has just announced that Canada will not participate in the war as the prospect of UN Security Council approval fades; in my view that is the right choice. Of course, the UN never approved the invasion of Afghanistan, and Canadian troops are still there keeping a lid on anti-U.S. hostilities.)

I am deeply sympathetic to the Marxist critique of market society, and I lament all of the same problems that my Marxist friend is concerned about. One doesn't have to look very far or very long these days to find other people who are concerned about these problems. A few of the bigger names that come to mind are John Ralston Saul, Naomi Klein, Michael Moore, and, of course, Noam Chomsky. course, none of them (as far as I know) calls him- or herself a Marxist.

When I read Marx, I am struck by his powerful tone of moral indignation. There was a lot to be morally indignant about in the Europe of the Industrial Revolution, as there is now, with much of the Third World going through the same (if not worse) horrors of industrialization as the West. Marx was certainly prescient in calling for what are essentially global solutions for global problems. As a new wave of socialist governments seems poised to sweep the Third World, history may yet vindicate Marx by bringing his predictions to fruition in our lifetime. This time around they may benefit from the increasing pressure the domestic populations of Western countries are putting on their governments to avoid interference in these countries, to let them follow their own path, and perhaps to open up what Zapatista Subcomandante Marcos has called "a crack in history" (qtd. in Naomi Klein, *Fences and Windows*, p. xxiv). But moral indignation only goes so far. Again, our hearts may be in the right place, but we may also be in error.

What appeals to me most in Marx is his materialist view of history. Not so much the notion of "dialectical materialism", which is a bit too schematic for my liking, but the general idea that what really drives history is the material and economic struggle of various groups. Much of what goes on above the level on which we

actually produce our subsistence can be dismissed as propaganda and as a distraction, but unlike Marx, I am not willing to say that religion, art, and culture in all of its supra-material manifestations are merely a distraction. Even if 90% of everyone's activity were devoted to getting their basic needs met, we would still use much of the other 10% to play, to make art, to tell stories, to dance, to worship. If these desires for basically symbolic, non-material activity are the root of false consciousness, then we are doomed to it: it is human nature. Our brains are not as complex as they are simply so that we can find more efficient ways of getting our material needs met. We do have non-material needs, and amazing faculties to meet them. Whether they are innate or arise out of the mental space left over once our material needs are met matters little. They are real; we cannot will them out of existence. To say that we are mostly creatures with especially complex faculties and strategies for getting our material needs met is fine. But to say that that's all we are is perilous. We all live, to a certain extent, for what we can do with that other 10%.

I would prefer to ditch the term "false consciousness" and simply talk about unconsciousness. It then becomes much more obvious how absurd it is to suggest that we can (individually or as whole societies) become fully conscious. It is equally absurd to suggest that we can be conscious all of the time; we couldn't possibly bear the strain. In my interpretation, what Marx requires of us is to be totally conscious all of the time. Democratic citizenship requires nearly as much, but is somewhat more forgiving of our inadequacies as semi-conscious beings. Whether you wish to see unconsciousness in Freudian terms or simply as a manifestation of ignorance (since our knowledge is always partial) matters little. The fact remains that we are never wholly conscious creatures, just as we are never fully knowledgeable creatures. Because Marxism fails to acknowledge this, it tends to assume, like much rationalist thinking, that if we all had access to the same information, we would all come to the same conclusions. Some might even say that the present resistance to the war in Iraq demonstrates this line of reasoning. In the age of the Internet, most people inclined to form an opinion can get access to whatever sort of information they want about the current war. Coincidentally or not, the vast majority of people have concluded that war is not justified. I think that's very much to the credit of our beleaguered species, and gives me hope for a better world in the (relatively near?) future. But war is like slavery: there are only two possible positions you can take, for or against it. There is no middle ground. Even if the war leads many Canadians to begin making links between war, poverty, globalisation and trade, it is unrealistic to think that everyone will come to the same

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The war IS about oil – but I'm still not a Marxist

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conclusions. I, for one, wonder if support for the war wouldn't be higher in the U.S. if the planners were more honest about the material basis of their motives, such as the need for the U.S. to control Iraqi oil wealth for the stability of the U.S.'s own economic situation. By couching their argument in moral terms, Bush and Blair inadvertently lend strength to those who oppose the war on moral grounds.

As for the Marxist notion that human nature is malleable (which Marx imported directly from Rousseau), this strikes me as one of the most pemicious aspects of his doctrine albeit basically true. No one would dispute that human beings are capable of living in myriad different ways, that ways of life change radically over time, and that the practices of one culture are often morally and aesthetically repulsive to another and *vice versa*. But it is quite another thing to suggest that we can rationally take hold of this process and send it off in the direction Marxists deem correct. (Ignoring, for the moment, how this 'we' seizes enough political power to attempt this.) It's based on a logical fallacy, which becomes clear when we substitute "the universe" for human nature: (A) Human nature differs from place to place and changes over time, therefore it is malleable and we can manipulate it as we see fit. (B) The universe differs from place to place and changes over time, therefore it is malleable and we can manipulate it as we see fit. The argument is an absurdity. Newton may have accurately described the motion of the planets, but he didn't give us a lever to start moving them around. Likewise with Marx, he may have described with significant accuracy how material forces shape history and human nature, but he didn't give us the tools to take control of that process. Moreover, it is an amazing act of hubris to think that we could, or should, assuming 'we' is always some subset of the whole of humanity acting on its behalf.

I prefer the humility of Darwin, whose study of complex biological systems made him a sceptic, not a zealot: "[P]robably in no one case could we precisely say why one species has been victorious over another in the great battle of life... It is good thus to try in imagination to give to any one species an advantage over another. Probably in no single instance should we know what to do. *This ought to convince us of our ignorance on the mutual relations of all organic beings; a conviction as necessary as it is difficult to acquire.*" If only the Georges Bush were similarly humble.

Furthermore, no one who has read and enjoyed a really great novel can doubt that a good novelist has a much more sophisticated understanding of human nature than even a very important political philosopher like Marx. And I'm not just saying that because I am an English major; I'm saying it because novels speak to us consciously and unconsciously, and thus we find much more of ourselves reflected in their pages than we do in the overly rational descriptions of human nature in

Marx.

Scientific Marxism was predicated on the idea that the working poor would become so miserable that a final revolution would simply be inevitable. Indeed, it depended on a degradation of the poor that just gets worse and worse. Marxists doubtless see the fact that trade unions and other developments curbed the worst effects of capitalism and thereby staved off the final revolution as part of the trickery of 'false consciousness'. Which means that Marxism still depends, to a large extent, on life getting so bad for so many that nothing short of a revolution could absorb their anger and despair. This is why it is hard for me to get on board the Marxist train of thought because, to a certain extent, it requires you to cheer on a catastrophe in the hopes that it will lead to some hoped-for utopic revolution in consciousness. In this view, working to improve life for the poor within the framework of democracy is to enter the enemy camp and give him aid. I just can't reconcile myself to this bizarre marriage of catastrophism and optimism. To me the successes of the more progressive democracies, and the basically conservative human tendency to favour stability (for better or worse) over sudden change, leave little doubt as to the reasonable way to proceed. This is the irony of materialism and we see it manifested in the Western democracies: it is as much a force for conservatism as for revolution.

To me, when someone tells me he is a Marxist, I am not at all interested in this as an intellectual self-identification. I'm not interested in what he believes, which I can learn by reading Marx, so much as I am interested in why he believes it, that is, what emotional need is served by the idea that there is ONE solution to THE problem. I feel similarly when a white person with a shaved head tries to give/sell me a copy of the Bhagavad-Gita. If I wanted to know about the book or about Buddhism, I could find out on my own. What I am curious about is what set of experiences (positive and negative) in this person's life has led him to become a Buddhist. I don't disrespect people who hold deep faith; in many ways I admire their conviction. It does strike me, however, that it could be infinitely more difficult to live with the permanent anxiety of accepting that there are no absolutely right answers or solutions to some problems, than to enjoy the certainty of ideology, in religious or political form. But if scepticism prevents you from taking positive action of any kind, and religion or Marxism (which may be a species of the former) makes it possible for you to act on principle, then perhaps I am the fool, and they are the heroes. I suppose it depends what the revolution looks like when it comes.

I might have become a Marxist if I hadn't read Chomsky first. Ironically, he is a Marxist/materialist in everything but the solutions he endorses, which he never articulates in much detail. I don't agree with everything he says, but I think he's more right than wrong, and I do agree with him when he says, "Marxism... belongs in

the history of organized religion. In fact, as a rule of thumb, any concept with a person's name on it belongs to religion... I never heard of anyone who didn't make mistakes and whose work wasn't quickly improved on by others." (Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media, p. 219). I also agree with him that it is "insidious [to] cry for 'revolution' at a time when not even the germs of new institutions exist, let alone the moral and political consciousness that could lead to a basic modification of social life. If there [were] a 'revolution' in America [or Canada] today, it [would] no doubt be a move towards some variety of fascism" (*ibid.*, p. 69). The power of a mass movement is seductive, but when it tips over into a majority position, as the anti-war movement has, I think sceptical people have to be wary about the potential abuses of that power, no matter how positive the forces contributing to it seem to be. (See Naomi Klein's recent article on the World Social Forum in Brazil entitled: 'More Democracy - Not More Political Strongmen' – available online at www.zmag.org)

Marshall McLuhan once wrote something to the effect that 'moralists tend to substitute anger for insight'. I wouldn't go too far with that claim, but there is a kernel of truth to it. It is easy to get angry, to be morally outraged. When I have seen films about the suffering of the Iraqi people it moves me to tears. I think of the way my mother died, in relative peace and with good medical care, and how hard it was to lose someone in that way – under the best possible circumstances that could be made out of an otherwise catastrophic situation. I can't imagine what it must be like to live in a country where young children die of terrible cancers without even an aspirin, and for everyone in a nation of 30 million souls to have known someone who has died in this way in the last 10 years. That is certainly the soil in which hatred grows. Whether it can be the same soil in which a democracy may sprout remains to be seen. Nevertheless, the point is that even as I am moved by these realities, it sobers me somewhat to realize that there are just as many people out there who cry when they think of all the innocent babies 'murdered' by abortion doctors. Why is my emotional experience any more valid or any more likely to translate into reasonable political action than that of zealous pro-life activists? It is not, if emotion is the only impetus to personal politics. Again, we both want to do what's right; however, we disagree on what the "right" of the problem is. An emotional connection to a problem is certainly a part of one's political education, but it can't be the whole of it.

For these and other reasons, I have trouble understanding how any intellectually serious person can contemplate a form of government other than democracy. Democracy might have its imperfections but it is unique in acknowledging that there are many right answers and that only out of open, fair and non-violent debate between those who disagree will something abstract like

"the common good" concretely emerge. We fall far short of that ideal in Canada, as in most democracies, but I'm not ready to endorse the revolution envisioned by Marxists. I am ready to work with any sincere person who wants to bring about 'real' democracy in Canada, but the odds are not great that we'll agree on what this future goal looks like.

I hope that this is not the beginning of a much larger and more destructive conflict. People should take the opportunity this war presents to make some of the connections between political and corporate power that people in the global justice movement have been making over the last several years. But it is not just a matter of attacking institutions, which are, after all, made up of people we have to live with one way or another. It is a matter of thinking critically about how we participate in systems too large for anyone to fully grasp, or, realistically, for us to fully accept responsibility for. At some point in the future, hopefully, we will be able to sit down and have a real debate about how we want the world to be governed without an enormous bully at the table. We all want to do the right thing. In the case of this war, a majority of people have voted in body in the streets and in spirit everywhere else on what they think that is. Hopefully, fewer people will die because of the attempts of anti-war protesters to speak truth to power and to be faithful witnesses to history – a task that is not over, even though the war has begun. I can only hope that history will judge us to have been on the right side. If nothing else, we might hope to make new mistakes as history proceeds, rather than making the same old ones over and over again. But, unlike Marx, I have little hope that we will ever stop making mistakes, and being mindful of that is, I think, one way to avoid making "those mistakes which excite the astonishment and horror of history." (John Stuart Mill. "On Liberty." Penguin Classics edition, p. 84)

JAKARTA, INDONESIA



SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA



Innis College and the War

by Frank Cunningham

Participating in some of the recent, large demonstrations in Toronto against U.S. plans for its invasion of Iraq, I was pleased to see that the bulk of my fellow demonstrators were not aging peacekeepers (like me) but young people, many from high schools and from universities. I was especially happy to recognize some Innis College students. In addition to the comfort of knowing that others share my views on this matter, it is gratifying to see yet more evidence that gives the lie to a myth that the youth of today are apathetic and shun engagement with major issues.

I am depressed and outraged at this war, which seems to me primarily motivated by the aim of establishing U.S. military and economic hegemony in the Gulf, and which, far from deterring terrorism, can only breed it. But I am not writing this special principal's column to argue for these opinions. Instead, I wish to make some points about the University and the

war, which are in keeping with the main thrust of this issue of the Herald.

The editors of the paper are to be congratulated for retooling the Herald this month mainly to address the war. Like all wars, it will have terrible consequences in terms of human pain and death, and whatever the outcome, it will have far-reaching implications for every country on the globe. These are the sorts of humanitarian and substantive issues toward which those in a university ought to be turning their knowledge and skills of critical reasoning.

But there are dangers. Issues of these sorts would not engage students if they did not have strong opinions about them. This means that maintaining a stance of open-mindedness and tolerance for the views of people with whom one disagrees requires effort. So far the University of Toronto has escaped the anti-intellectual and destructive confrontations that have

been seen on some other Canadian campuses. It is clearly vital that we continue to do so. The whole point of bringing reasoning abilities and debating skills to hard questions is lost if interlocutors do not treat one another with respect.

In the same vein, vigilance must be exercised to nip bigotry in the bud. Among the many reprehensible effects of wars is that they breed and exacerbate prejudices: in World War II Canada saw racism against Japanese Canadians (including their mass incarceration), and people of German ancestry were subjected to demeaning ethnic stereotypes. There has already been some evidence of discrimination against Islamic people in Canada (or those lumped together with them) and of a resurgence of anti-Semitism. To my knowledge the University of Toronto and Innis College have been void of these things to date. Let's keep it that way.

Today, I Weep for My Country...

From the American Senate floor on Wednesday, March 26, Sen. Byrd (D-W.Va.) the Dean of the American Congress asks, "Why can this President not seem to see that America's true power lies not in its will to intimidate, but in its ability to inspire?"

But, today I weep for my country. I have watched the events of recent months with a heavy, heavy heart. No more is the image of America that of the strong yet benevolent peacekeeper. The image of America has changed. Around the globe, our friends mistrust us, our word is disputed, our intentions are questioned. Instead of reasoning with those with whom we disagree, we demand obedience or threaten recrimination. Instead of isolating Saddam Hussein, we seem to have isolated ourselves. We proclaim a new doctrine of preemption which is understood by few and feared by many. We say that the United States has the right to turn its firepower on any corner of the globe which might be suspect in the war on terrorism. We assert that right without the sanction of any international body. As a result, the world has become a much more dangerous place.

We flaunt our superpower status with arrogance. We treat UN Security Council members like inmates who offend our princely dignity by lifting their heads from the carpet. Valuable alliances are split. After war has ended, the United States will have to rebuild much more than the country of Iraq. We will have to rebuild America's image around the globe. The case this Administration tries to make to justify its fixation with war is tainted by charges of falsified documents and circumstantial evidence. We cannot convince the world of the necessity of this war for one simple reason. This is a war of choice.

There is no credible information to connect Saddam Hussein to 9/11. The twin towers fell because a world-wide terrorist group, Al Qaeda, with cells in over 60 nations, struck at our wealth and our influence by turning our own planes into

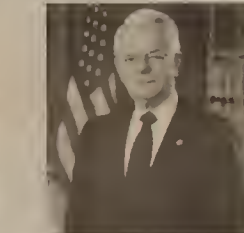
missiles, one of which would likely have slammed into the dome of this beautiful Capitol except for the brave sacrifice of the passengers on board.

The brutality seen on September 11th and in other terrorist attacks we have witnessed around the globe are the violent and desperate efforts by extremists to stop the daily encroachment of western values upon their cultures. That is what we fight.

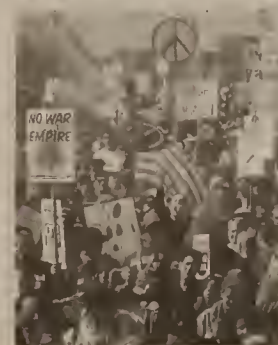
It is a force not confined to borders. It is a shadowy entity with many faces, many names, and many addresses. But this Administration has directed all of the anger, fear, and grief that emerged from the ashes of the twin towers and the twisted metal of the Pentagon towards a tangible villain, one we can see and hate and attack. And villain he is. But, he is the wrong villain. And this is the wrong war. If we attack Saddam Hussein, we will probably drive him from power. But, the zeal of our friends to assist our global war on terrorism may have already taken flight. The general unease surrounding this war is not just due to "orange alert." There is a pervasive sense of rush and risk and too many questions unanswered. How long will we be in Iraq? What will be the cost? What is the ultimate mission? How great is the danger at home?

A pall has fallen over the Senate Chamber. We avoid our solemn duty to debate the one topic on the minds of all Americans, even while scores of thousands of our sons and daughters faithfully do their duty in Iraq.

What is happening to this country? When did we become a nation that ignores and berates our friends? When did we decide to risk undermining international order by adopting a radical and doctrinaire approach to using our awesome military might? How can we abandon diplomatic



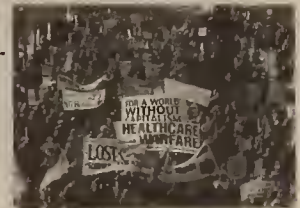
efforts when the turmoil in the world cries out for diplomacy? Why can this President not seem to see that America's true power lies not in its will to intimidate, but in its ability to inspire? War appears inevitable. But, I continue to hope that the cloud will lift. Perhaps Saddam will yet turn tail and run. Perhaps reason will somehow still prevail. Along with millions of Americans I will pray for the safety of our troops, for the innocent civilians in Iraq, and for the security of our homeland. May God continue to bless the United States of America in the troubled days ahead, and may we somehow recapture the vision that for the present eludes us."



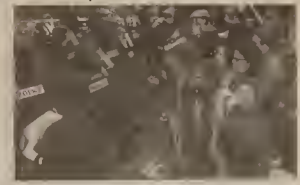
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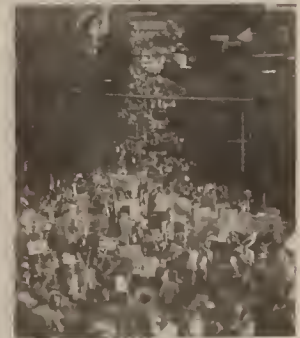
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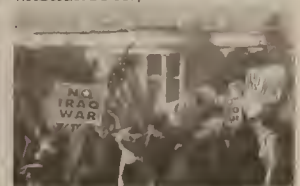
OREGON, USA



CALIFORNIA, USA



WASHINGTON, USA



Iraq is already a 2nd Vietnam

Piers Dbdipaartz suggests the differences between the war in Iraq and the war in Vietnam are few.

When people visit the Vietnam memorial in Washington they are often surprised to see that the first American casualties listed date from the 1950s. "Were we in Vietnam in the '50s?" they ask themselves. Similarly, many people fail to realize that the first Gulf War never ended. It was only de-escalated. Bombing has continued intermittently for the last twelve years, and of course there is the regimen of near genocidal sanctions. Bill Clinton conducted a four-day escalation of the war in 1998. The latest escalation is meant to bring hostilities in Iraq to a final conclusion and thus to achieve long-term U.S. goals in the region that go back at least a decade (in actuality, U.S. goals in the middle east date to the end of WWII). Although the "Bush-Cheney junta," as Gore Vidal has called the

current administration, has a particular appetite for this war, it is worth noting that for eight of those twelve years the U.S. was under the leadership of a Democratic president.

This extended war in Iraq is comparable to Vietnam in many respects. The first Gulf War claimed around 200 000 Iraqi lives. The sanctions regime has claimed another 1.5 million. So the U.S. is already well within the neighbourhood of the death toll of two million inflicted in south-east Asia (the war was not, of course, limited to Vietnam). The stated goal was also the same: regime change. It appears you have to kill a lot of people to achieve regime change. Like Vietnam, much of this war has been conducted under the radar of public awareness, and in an atmosphere of

media silence (even CNN has recently admitted that the bombing never really stopped).

The main difference is how few American lives it has claimed. President Carter refused to apologize for Vietnam because he said "the destruction was mutual." The U.S., as the aggressor, lost 50 000 soldiers and basically no civilians, and the war was not fought on American soil; 90% of the 2 million Vietnamese killed were innocent civilians, and the country was devastated by more bombs than were used in all of WWII, as well as with chemical agents. That is what American leaders think of as "mutual destruction."

So when people idly speculate that Iraq may turn into another Vietnam, they are showing whose lives they are really

worried about. In terms of bleeding a country to death for more than a decade, Iraq is already a second Vietnam. Presumably, when they muse about getting mired in Baghdad they are worried about U.S. casualties. If the new escalation kills 500 000 Iraqis, as the UN estimates it will based on U.S. war plans, and relatively few American soldiers, it will be declared a success. If they kill 500 000 Iraqis and lose, say, 50 000 American lives in the process, it will be a "failure" on the scale of Vietnam, and Iraq could not expect an apology (or reparations) because "the destruction was mutual." That is, to borrow Naomi Klein's phrase, "the brutal calculus" of American warfare, myopic Western morality and historical amnesia.

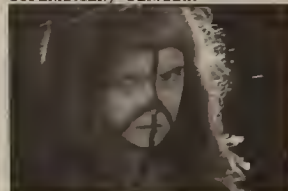
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COPENHAGEN, DENMARK



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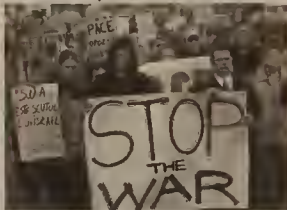
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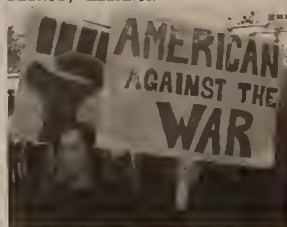
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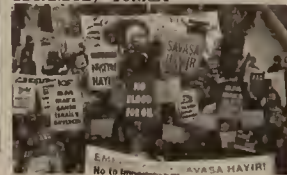
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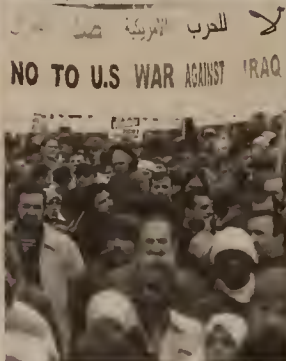
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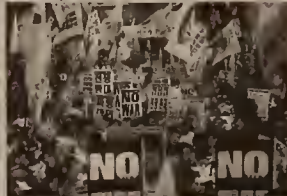
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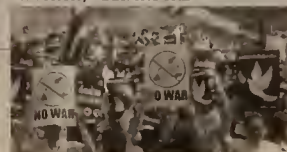
SEOUL, SOUTH KOREA



CAIRO, EGYPT



BANGKOK, SINGAPORE



FOR THE LOVE OF SKA!**CIUT's Skip Viitala gives the Herald readership a brief**

Ska is a wonderful form of music that came out of Jamaica. To quickly describe it, I would call it fast reggae, but that is a bit of a misnomer since ska was actually the forerunner of rocksteady and reggae music. Ever since I went to my first live ska show, I've been hooked. I remember getting a copy of the Specials first album given to me and told that I would really like it and I did! Ska has a strong base in jazz but can be combined with any other form of music imaginable and that has happened. I'm sure you've heard it somewhere: it is in jingles all the time in commercials and in the late '90s, groups like Sublime, No Doubt and The Mighty, Mighty Bosstones all had hits with the genre. In the past, you can hear it in songs like "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da" by the Beatles or in "Woolly Bully" by Sam the Sham and Pharaohs. It is usually very fun and happy and it is highly danceable with its heavy emphasis on the off-beat.

When I first arrived in Toronto in 1998, much to my surprise no one was doing a radio program devoted to strictly to ska music. Having been involved with Campus radio in other centres, this was an injustice that had to be righted. By the fall of 1999, I had secured a spot with CIUT 89.5FM based out of the University of Toronto and I have been doing the show from there ever since. Broadcasting at 15,000 watts to a population of 8 million, the program provides an essential outlet for local, national and independent ska artists to get their material heard. People from as far away as Buffalo call in regularly, and some even tune in from further away via the internet at www.ciut.fm or listen via Starchoice on channel 826. As

our funding drive statistics would indicate, our audience has been steadily growing and this past fall we had our most successful campaign to date. The radio show is meant to be there for the artists, both past and present. We endeavour to play a wide variety of ska, some obscure, some brand new and some vintage. For further info on the radio program, surf over to www.skapages.com/skip. Ska Party airs Mondays at 6 pm until 7 pm.

By the spring of 2001, it had come to my attention numerous times that a CD compilation of all Canadian ska artists was long overdue. There was just so much great ska being created right here in our own backyard, that it was too much to ignore any further. So we at skapages.com took the initiative and put out a call for submissions that summer and by the fall had received over 50 entries from all over Canada, and mostly from acts we had no idea existed! After much debate, the compilation was narrowed down and is now being co-released by our friends at Stomp records as the next installment of The All Skanadian Club series. Volume #4 features 21 tracks, 8 of them previously unreleased from homegrown bands from sea to sea. There's ska mixed with punk, jazz, pop, latin and acoustic styles. All the artists have taken ska and combined it with their own influences to create a distinctively Canadian edge to it, while still keeping a sense of what was first created back in Jamaica in the 1960s.

If you ever get the opportunity, get out and enjoy an evening of ska music. Your feet and ears will thank you for it.

Skadios for now!

Time After Time**Steffi Daft reviews the Chet Baker project.**

Weaving together a domestic drama and a sprawling biography, *Time after Time: The Chet Baker Project* is much more than just a musical, and so much more than just another Chet Baker homage: it is a study of love and music set to the tune of Chet. Every jazz bird worth her weight in records knows the details of Baker's life: a prodigious rise on the crest of the West Coast "Cool Jazz" popularity surge in the 1950s; a binging, drunken, womanizing, drug-addicted tour followed by a beating which left Baker toothless; and, finally, the return of the prodigal to the scorched ground of fame after the three years it took him to reclaim the trumpet with his fitter dentures, only to fall to his death at the age of 58. Instead of simply laying out the details of Baker's life, however, *Time after Time* tries to "get inside of him" through the narrator, Ted (Randy Hughson) and his journey to discover just how Baker made such sorrowful music that helped Ted fall in love with his wife. Although the *Project* chronologically traces the life of Baker (here played by the very sexy, very suave, very talented Danny DePoe), it moves not only through the events that marked the tragedy of a life cut short, but also the music that captured (or arguably failed to capture) it. As per usual, the women in Baker's life (all played by the multi-talented Philippa Domville) and the men who worked with and for Baker (again all fleshed out by one actor, Shaun Smyth) are mostly sympathized with, but they are given greater depth and personality here than in other Baker documentaries. Directed with a sure hand by Jim Millan

(famous amongst theatre-types for his founding of Crow's Theatre and his work with the Kids in the Hall), the characters float on- and offstage as we move in and out of Baker's and Ted's lives, loves, and music. Much of the credit for the fantastic realism of the production, however, must go to DePoe—who is actually reprising the role on this tour after winning rave reviews in the original staging—who manages to evoke the mad sex appeal and the moaning trumpet that continued to draw women to the impish Baker. DePoe and the three-man jazz band perform most of the Chet standards throughout the show: "I Fall In Love Too Easily"; Let's Get Lost"; "My Funny Valentine"; and, of course, "Time after Time." The production itself is sexy as well, as the songs are usually combined with a change in the lights or the staging of the actors to reflect the tone of the song. For example, when DePoe is performing an aching "Almost Blue" as the narrator reunites with his wife whom we fear is about to become estranged, the Domville is wearing a blue shirt and the lighting casts a blue pallor over everything on stage. Despite these notable attributes, however, the aim of *Time after Time: The Chet Baker Project* is not to overwhelm with effects, accents, or cute theatrics. Ultimately, it is to continue to ask the questions about Baker that Ted and we may never be able to answer: Was this producer of over 900 recordings a young lion or an old man? Where do you find Chet Baker in his music? What did his music mean to him? And, most importantly, what does his music mean to you?

The Inspirational Consequences of Having a Small Bladder**An article by Michele Costa.**

Anyone who knows me, or has been out with me even once knows that the first thing I do when entering a new place is quickly scan for a sign indicating the general location of the bathroom. Sometimes I think my body just produces urine, for fun, to torment me! I don't think I have ever been to a movie theatre, restaurant or bar without visiting the facilities at least twice. This, however, allows me to experience a special secret world that not many others get to with such extensiveness: the world of bathroom graffiti.

I don't know how many of you actually read the scribbled dialogues that occur on those metal walls, surrounding the annoyance that is Zoom Media posters. I certainly do, and I actually see them as a fascinating form of art. I have been to countless bathrooms around this campus and this city, and the words and drawings that can be observed in them adds up to strangely wonderful compiled projects by people that may essentially share nothing more than gender.

When I was in high school a friend of mine made a painting where he simply set up a canvas, with some paint, and an open invitation for anyone passing by to add something to it; whether it was a random blue line, a perfect flower or the word 'FUCK' in giant black letters across the

top (which was the actual outcome incidentally). People loved this. Despite being anonymous, this painting was one of the few things I experienced in high school where it seemed like the community was united in sharing something outside of the terrifying world of organized sports and student council. This shared experience is what bathroom graffiti can be.

Recently in the Innis college bathrooms, as well as those in Roberts Library, I saw posters from "U of T Inc.," some group of people asking for general rants and complaints about U of T for a project they were compiling. Unfortunately, this poster had many embarrassing spelling mistakes and on all the posters I saw, the only input they got was thorough (albeit humorous) criticisms from their errors. It was a good idea however, to try to drum up ideas and thoughts in the bathroom stall.

In much the same way that hand written pen-on-paper letters have taken on a new meaning in this email-driven world, there is something personal and compelling about this much overlooked medium. It seems no one has time for conversation anymore. We all rush to classes, rush to work, rush for everything. Often we have no patience to stop and read a mass-produced poster pasted to a wall or even a newspaper. When we finally find the time to talk to

someone, we often don't even know where to begin. What, on the other hand, do you have to do when you are in the bathroom? While there you have time plenty of time to sit and relax. Just as a song lyric can stay in your head for days and override your thoughts, so can something as simple as a provoking thought written in on a bathroom wall with a Sharpie marker. Something you read while emptying your bladder can be the start of inspirational conversation.

Obviously I'm not talking about the cliché I-Heart-Billy graffiti, or the phone numbers listed on walls with the information that so-and-so is up for anal excitement. That's everywhere, and I'm not telling you not to call those numbers if that's what you're looking for. I'm positive, however, that if you just keep reading and looking around those walls you will find more. Often it starts with one line, one declaration of a particular person's stance on something, be it politics, music, religion, relationships, or just life in general. Inevitably, this comment will generate responses. Over a few weeks or months one line can grow into a wall of slanted, messy writing outlining an arguing back and forth. Replies are often in the same handwriting, so you know people have come back to keep defending

their point. Often there are drawings, stickers or flyers added, which will probably be scribbled over by others. This to me is the ultimate collage, worked on by a community of artists that will probably never even meet.

As I have here merely listed for you the reasons I find bathroom graffiti so important, this will be only the first part of this article. Later, I will tell you of all the fascinating bathroom art that is to be found right around campus. From the humorous animal-rants discussion in the Innis College women's bathroom, to the black nail polished scrawling of "No More Misogyny" in Roberts 1st floor bathroom, to the financial advice of "Invest Now, retire @ 40" found in Oasis restaurant and bar, and the warning of "This is not a safe place" in the John Malkovich-esque bathrooms in Second Cup on College street. Unfortunately, especially on campus, these walls are painted over or cleaned quite often, so the conversations rarely have time to develop. But once and a while, in the bathrooms with a lot of traffic, and obviously a strong flow of creatively motivated people, fascinating things can appear. So for all small-bladdered people like myself, I have for once in my life looked on the bright side, and found a fabulous consequence to what can be the scary world of the public restroom.

Canadian Music Weak

Adam Johns takes a (now belated) look at CMW.

Every year, as a whiff of spring creeps into the air, furry little creatures stir and pop their heads out of their holes in the ground. These creatures are the Musicians and Music Industry Lowlifers of Canada, and they like to hold an event they call Canadian Music Week (CMW). This week long conference features workshops about how to succeed in the Canadian music industry, panel discussions with TOP PEOPLE, and, most importantly, like three-hundred concerts. Investigative journalist that I am, and charged with the responsibility to inform the students of Innis College about the events that shape the Canadian music world, and also with the joy of getting into concerts for free, what follows is a first-hand review of the CMW.

I was enthusiastic for CMW for two reasons: first, it would provide an unparalleled opportunity to check out some top bands from Canada and around the world, and get my finger on the pulse of music in Canada. Second, I would be able to abuse my privileges as a member of the fifth estate to have wild coke orgies with rock n' roll bands, and possibly Much Music's Hannah Sung.

"Really? I'm a journalist too." I would have said, as I gently caressed her fashion mulet.

Sadly, my experience with Canadian Music Week did not live up to my modest ambitions. I should have known this might not be all it was cracked up to be when I noticed Rush on the cover of the official program. Not a good omen.

My odyssey began on Thursday night. Accompanied by fearless editor Stephanie, I wanted to see Broken Social Scene and The Dears at the Phoenix Concert Hall. These bands are making a huge buzz on the Toronto scene right now, and apparently do some kind of artful rock or something. I do not know for sure. The Phoenix did not accept my media pass. Have they no respect for the press? Are they not aware that without myself and other journalists, the public might go uninformed about crucial facts such as which reality TV personalities have appeared in pornography, and where said pornography can be rented? The fact is that all loyal readers should boycott the Phoenix from this point onward.

Although my first attempt at high-level, Almost Famous-style journalism was met with frustration, I was not upset. In the spirit of giving Herald readers the most accurate report possible of Canadian Music Week, we high-tailed it to the Opera House to see punk rock grandpas The Circle Jerks... They let us in! Let the reporting commence:

The show was full of disaffected youth

who, on closer inspection, were revealed as disaffected thirty year-olds reliving their disaffected youth. I should not make fun because this will be me eventually. I would like to take this opportunity to inform the readers that, just like my fifty-year-old dad is good at accountancy, the Circle Jerks are good at punk rock. They are the perfect band for those of you who like angry, inflammatory, politically charged punk rock. "Screw you mom and dad, I don't want to see a therapist," you might say. That being said, the band was kind of preachy, and stopped to lecture the audience about politics and how to behave in the pit at different times during the show. A good political band should have music which speaks for itself - their music should rock so much that you want to take a break from enjoying it to go out and smash the state. The band members should not have to lecture you, acting like a footnote to their music, but that is what I experienced. However, this evaporated when the band played some songs from Black Flag, their previous incarnation, and now the stuff of punk rock legends. This is powerful, incredible music and I was honoured to have witnessed it.

During this concert I was also enthralled by the presence of George from Much Music, running around like the sprightly chap he is and videotaping the proceedings and taking me one step closer to my Hannah dream.

"Hey Adam how about you and I go backstage and lick toads with Keith Richards?" I hoped he would say. As a man of letters, however, I command more prestige than he and his "moving pictures," and he was no doubt intimidated.

Friday night was windy and cold, and the Toronto streets were about as uninviting as someone who says "You are not invited." However, flush with journalistic integrity, the crack Herald media team departed for Lee's Palace. Our objective: To see premier rock town Olympia, Washington's rising stars The Gossip. I was interested in this group, who apparently make blues-punk-dance-rock that Stephanie thinks is really good, and because I read a piece praising them in *Vice Magazine* about six months ago. So, apparently, did everybody else in Toronto. The line up was longer than my list of journalistic credentials (really freaking long, people). Upon cutting to the front of the line, the people at the door took one look at our press passes and proceeded, once again, to inform us that said passes could best be made use of as toilet paper.

So ended the Herald's coverage of Canadian Music Week. Is it an important venue for the Canadian music industry to meet, communicate, and perform? Yes. Would it be worth it to buy a ticket next year and check out a performance by some incredible up and coming musicians? Yes. Just don't try to get into any concerts with a press pass, and if you are looking to meet Hannah Sung, your best bet is still pressing your face up against the good old Chum City window.

Yes, they're from Sweden and No, they're not the Hives:

Steffi Daft reviews the Remarkably Good Album from Gothenburg's DOLL:

What's better than the Hives and also comes from Sweden? Ikea! And, in a close second place, The Division of Laura Lee. If you're not a patron of the grunge arts, and don't read NME or AP or The Innis Herald on a regular basis, you may not be aware of this band; however, if you don't live on musical Mars, then you've probably encountered DOLL's name, music or credentials in some other form. Now it's time to check out their album, *Blackcity* on Burning Hearts Records, because, unlike most media darlings with the exception of, say, Timbaland, DOLL's music lives up to the hype surrounding it. In fact, this reviewer might even venture to say that it crosses the mountain and gets to the Mecca of a really good album that every band looking to ride the latest trend crest

to stardom seeks to reach. Alternating between rich ballads about a deep love that's lasted longer than Avril and anthems that speak to themes like death, life and rock, *Blackcity* is a truly mature rock album in the best sense of the word. I recommend "We've Been Planning This for Years" as a good introduction to the band if you're so Kazaa-inclined. Don't give up hope, rock will once again prevail if bands like DOLL continue to produce works like this one.

PS DOLL's last tour to Toronto featured the Burning Brides as the opening gig. Think of this pairing as akin to when Red Hot Chili Peppers turned up long ago with a brave new act called Rage Against the Machine. Music "cred" points to them.

Five Short Paragraphs About Glenn Gould

With a well-tuned ear, David Humphreys examines one of Gould's most famous eccentricities: of all things, humming.

In 1955, Columbia Masterworks issued a semi-fictional press release/psychological portrait which purported to describe the strange and erratic behaviour of their twenty-two year-old wonder-boy, Toronto-born pianist Glenn Gould. According to this document, Gould had a fondness for wearing heavy winter clothing in the hottest of summer weather and felt a peculiar attachment for a mutilated chair which he carried around with him wherever he went. By presenting Gould as an eccentric genius, the Columbia executives hoped to broaden their market in appealing not just to fans of classical music, but, apparently, to armchair psychologists as well. What they conveniently neglect to mention is perhaps Gould's most notorious idiosyncrasy: his habit of humming - and sometimes even singing - along to the music while recording. Although the reports of his chair-obsession were somewhat exaggerated, his humming was entirely authentic and is audible on nearly all of his recordings. Detractors of Gould's piano playing often point to the fact that his humming is such a strong presence that it completely drowns out the music, a sentiment that Gould partially agreed with. "It's a terrible distraction that I don't like either," he said. "I wish I could get rid of it and I would if I could, believe me, but I can't." Now, twenty years after his untimely death at the age of 49, a large portion of the Gould catalogue is being re-released by Sony Classical with the humming fully intact. After listening to these recordings in rapid succession, it becomes apparent that Gould's humming is not simply a distraction, but rather an active component in the musical framework, which serves a variety of functions. In an effort to prove humanity's greatness to potential extraterrestrial life, a rather

repetitive prelude from Bach's *The Well-Tempered Clavier* was included on both the 1977 *Voyager* spacecrafts. In a sense, then, Bach and Gould hold the honour of being the first musical tag-team to travel through outer space. But it was strange of the scientists to include *The Well-Tempered Clavier* on their spaceship as it is undoubtedly one of Gould's most idiosyncratic recordings: Gould had dismissed the preludes as being "prosaically prefatory" and felt that he could improve on them by ignoring Bach's instructions and substituting them with his own. It's also an idiosyncratically hummed recording; a rare instance in which Gould's humming bears absolutely no relation to what is being played.

Confined by the child-like simplicity of the prelude, Gould, through his humming, added another voice to the composition thereby creating a polyphonic fugue-like effect. While the merits of this undertaking are debatable, what is certain is that the humming is a thematically motivated participant in the music and is much more than a mere quirk.

When recording the piano works of the Finnish composer Jean Sibelius, Gould and his producer strategically placed three microphones around the studio: one inside the piano, the second a good distance away, and the third on the other side of the room. The master tape alternated between these three perspectives. Only the microphone inside the piano could pick up Gould's humming and as a result the sections recorded from this perspective have a much more intimate feel, something which tends to be lacking in Sibelius' music. Deeply influenced by the Finnish weather, Sibelius' work can be seen as an attempt to translate the coldness of

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Five Short Paragraphs About Glenn Gould

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Finland into music. The sections where Gould hums come across as rare moments of warmth in a frozen Finnish wasteland. In this instance, Gould is able to create meaning not just through the piano, but by humming along with it as well.

The humming is most audible on his 1981 recording of Bach's Goldberg Variations which was released just days before his death and is arguably the finest fifty-one minutes of music ever captured by a microphone. On the basis of his humming, it's surprising that he didn't die sooner. His voice sounds so frail, so forlorn, so downright shattered that his life seems to be escaping from him with each passing breath. But beneath the death-drone, there seems to be a sense of quiet yearning, a dual measure of acceptance and regret. Gould's fractured but wistful humming perfectly compliments his slow and introspective rendition of the work. This can be heard in its purest form during the twenty-fifth variation, essentially a six-minute long study in hopelessness. Gould was dissatisfied with his 1955 rendition of this variation because, "It wears its heart on its sleeve. It seems to say, 'Please take note: This is Tragedy.' It just doesn't have the dignity to bear its suffering with a hint of quiet resignation." The 1981 undertaking then was partly a corrective measure and Gould managed to

do most of the correcting by adjusting his humming: he replaced the solemn hum of the earlier recording with something more vulnerable, more authentic, and, ultimately, more human. It is a hum somber enough to depress even the most content of eardrums. But just when things sound their bleakest, Gould dazzles us with a sudden burst of energy. It had been hinted at earlier, but now it comes into full fruition. With renewed vigour, Gould charges up the tempo, minimizes his humming, and creates a remarkable contrast with the gloomy proceedings.

The music continues along this exuberant path until the final moment when the opening aria is repeated. The tempo returns to a slow crawl and the humming becomes more pronounced, but this time it is done with a sense of calm and tranquility. This stunning sequence is among the most generous in all of music and it is accomplished just as much through humming as it is through the pressing of keys on a piano.

That Gould's humming plays an intricate role in his music is an undeniable fact and I'm happy to have solved this issue once and for all. For those who are unfamiliar with Gould's work and are having a hard time deciphering this article, the three disc set *A State of Wonder* is available at any half-decent music store.

Academic Unoriginality

Peter Knegt takes on the Academy Award nominations.

It has become an annual tradition: every year, on a Tuesday morning in mid-February, I get up much earlier than I usually do and watch the unveiling of the Academy Award nominations. And every year, on that same Tuesday, I find myself annoyed with the tame and "politically" influenced choices that are made. Yet I always come back for more, like I did on February 11th of this year, and found myself having similar feelings as in years past.

In spite of this, I must give this Academy some credit. The stupidity of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences (which votes on the Academy Awards) is nothing in comparison to that of their television and music counterparts, the Emmys and the Grammys. This Academy would never give more awards to Frasier than any other series in history, or give Milli Vanilli and Christina Aguilera best new artist awards in their given years. Yet the fact that this Academy would give Rocky, Driving Miss Daisy, and The English Patient Oscars for best picture in the same years that Taxi Driver, Do The Right Thing, and Fargo were in competition certainly makes you wonder. I am not, however, going to get into the mistakes of Oscar past, as that would be a different article entirely. Instead, I will focus on the mistakes of Oscar present.

This year's nominations certainly could be worse. Each of this year's five best picture nominees (*Chicago*, *Gangs of New York*, *The Hours*, *The Lord of the Rings*;

The Two Towers, and The Pianist) are at least decent films. Most debatable in their presence here would be Gangs of New York and The Hours. Gangs, beautifully shot and well executed, lacks good character development or a decent script. I've bitched and moaned about how Martin Scorsese has never won an Oscar (Ordinary People over Raging Bull?!), and the year that he finally has a good shot, it's for a film that doesn't live up to his standards. The Hours may have some wonderful performances by some of the best actresses working, but it was seen by many as being overdramatic and pretentious. While the other three are somewhat better choices, the omissions of such obviously more worthy films as Far From Heaven, About Schmidt, Adaptation, Talk To Her, and Y Tu Mama Tambien is unfortunate. Couldn't they have at least found a place for one or two of those films? It seems as though the voters are afraid of anything original or innovative.

The acting categories don't fair much better. Numerous wonderful performances were left out: Dennis Quaid in *Far From Heaven*; Maggie Gyllenhaal in *Secretary*; Kieran Culkin in *Igby Goes Down*; Hugh Grant in *Ahoit a Boy*; or any of the young lads from *The Lord of the Rings*. And what's with Ed Harris' nomination for *The Hours*? He's only in the film for two short scenes and I didn't find his performance particularly riveting. I suppose it's the Academy's way of apologizing for giving his Oscar for Pollock to Russell Crowe in

The Hot List

Ryan Mercer brings a continuing saga of cool.

1. Ali, the Food Service man at Robert's Library Cafeteria. Looking for a little variety at lunch? Why not take a trip to see Ali, who might 1. Maliciously mock your completely normal middle name 2. Critique your lunch food selections or 3. Play "Keep-a-way" with your T-card. Ah, that crazy half-headed Ali: a man for our time.
2. The Brand New Max(x) Barry novel, Jennifer Government. Okay, I'd like to clarify something: unbeknownst to many, I do in fact read books. However, I only read books that have been optioned to be made into movies, like Jennifer Government. Actually, I would have read this one anyway, because Barry is one of my favourite authors and he responded to my email, which makes him a solid second on the list of "Famous People who have Emailed Ryan Mercer." Number one is Natalie Imbruglia. Yes, Natalie Imbruglia. Find me if you want to hear that story.
3. "It ain't no thing but a chicken wing." I actually have no idea what this means.
4. Bizarre music choices on Joe Millionaire. First, don't judge, but I'm pretty sure dead people watch this show. Secondly, did anyone else other than my roommates notice the ritualistic slow-jams played when Evan and Zora first kissed? Highlight of the episode! Also, I'd like to mention that Spellchecker wants to change Zora's name to Zorro: think about it.
5. Shouting "Great, so just send me a copy of that memo" to someone just out of earshot with whom you have just finished a conversation. You say it out of earshot so they never know. Get it? **SO THEY NEVER KNOW**.
6. All-American Rejects radio single "Swing-Swing": At first I just found the song really derivative and annoying but then I couldn't get it out of my head. It's like smoked meth for the ears (on an educational note, meth in solid form is called "glass"). Yes, it shamelessly riffs off early Weezer, but considering the current state of rock radio (and current Weezer for that matter) I think that might be a good thing.
7. Inappropriately accusing normal members of the public of resembling B-list celebrities when they obviously look nothing like. Example: enthusiastically asking a man (or woman) if they are the evil clone of Dwight Yokum when they are in no way resemble Dwight, for instance, because they are a member of a visible minority. Almost as fun as it sounds.
8. Speaking of celebrities: I keep having weird celebrities pop up in my dreams (in a completely non-sexual capacity) and they're not even doing cool stuff. Actually, they themselves are not even that cool. I've run into Billy Corgan at the grocery store, Charlize Theron was my sister's substitute teacher, and a couple of nights ago I ate alongside Kevin Spacey at an outdoor cafe. We always have pleasant conversation, but it's still weird. Sorry, none of this is really "fant" but I just had to get it out. Oh Yeah, see Narc. It's really intense (not Steel Magnolias Intense, the other kind.)
9. The "Big Breakfast" at Over Easy, Bloor W and Avenue. Considering many tasty breakfasts in the city can be found for five bucks, this is quite expensive at twice the price. But sometimes, I need heart attack food served in a comfortable, cozy environment surrounded by housewives and guys in suits with stupid hair. If you go, look out for the "vibrant" waiter who is obsessed with the ham. If he is indeed your waiter, you must order the ham. You must!
10. Congratulating oneself for successfully completing the most minor of tasks. Yeahhhhhhh Baby! You are the light switch master! No one flips switches like you!

Gladiator... And while I did enjoy Queen Latifah's performance in Chicago, was it really acting? The few scenes she was in mostly involved musical numbers and didn't allow much room for character development. If this is the Academy's way of announcing that they're "cool now" by giving a rapper-turned-actor a nomination two years in a row [Will Smith got one last year for Ali; not to mention Eminem's nod this year for best original song], I think they are going about it all wrong. Giving best director nods to two "Spikes" (Jonze for *Adaptation* and Lee for *25th Hour*) - now that would have been cool.

However, it was great to see Tambien and its foreign-film counterpart *Talk To Her* receive nods for best original screenplay, marking the first time two foreign films had done so since the mid-70s. Since both were deemed ineligible for the actual best foreign-language film, I'm glad they were recognized somewhere. Even better was Pedro Almodovar's surprise best director nod for *Talk To Her*, his first nomination despite a dozen or so great films. Yet I can't understand why the hell

voted for Gangs of New York for best original screenplay over Igby Goes Down and Punch Drunk Love. And Chicago for best adapted screenplay? Most of the film was written in the 1970s when the musical was originally produced. Though I thoroughly enjoyed Chicago, I think thirteen nominations is a little much. That's the second highest amount of nominations in history. More than The Godfather or Citizen Kane and the same amount as Gone With The Wind. Couldn't they have given some of those nominations to Minority Report, which was a huge technical achievement but failed to get more than one nomination (for best sound effects editing).

In reality, I really shouldn't care. It is, after all, only an awards show that really has nothing to do with me. I just can't help it. Millions of people flock to the nominated films thinking they are representative of the year's best, while smaller, better films that the Academy can't be bothered to take seriously, get left out in the cold.

Anti-Uniform Behaviour



Name: Amanda Smith

Program: History

One Word to describe your style:

"amalgamation...no style... wear what you feel like"

Favourite Item with you: "coat"

Recommended Store/Favourite Shop:

"secondhand, The Showroom, Preloved."

Editors' Note: Besides having style and grace, we give Amanda

Bonus marks for letting us haggle her for this interview and a photo on her walk towards a class that she was running late for, uphill and in the blistering cold. Kudos Amanda, we salute you and your red hat.

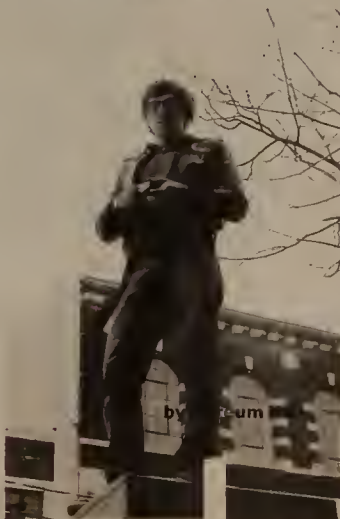
Name: Travis Campbell

Program: Urban Studies (Innis, 1st year)

One Word to describe your style: "steady-flossin'"

Favourite Item with you: "my skull bandana" (hint: it's on his

knee) Recommended Store/Favourite Shop: Zuei (on St. Patrick's St.) Editors' Note: We bet you thought that bandanas were out among the 13+ crowd. You were wrong, dead wrong, because bandanas are still going strong, like a sturdy thong, all night long! The key, Grasshopper, is to wear the square piece of fabric also known as a doo-rag where one would not expect you to wear it. Loin cloths anyone?



Name: Cara Sanders

Program: American Studies and Peace and Conflict Studies

(3rd year) One Word to describe your style: "eclectic"

Favourite Item with you: "jeans, because they are comfy and funky."

Editors' Note: Although you cannot see this in the picture, Cara's

shirt is backless, yes, she is exposing the nether-regions of her back. After further extensive investigation, the editors to whom this note is attributed discovered that Cara made this marvel herself. She is thus a double-edged sword: handy and prone to selective nudity!

Names: Kelly Robertson and Brian "Brain" Maxwell

Respective Program: Political Science (1st year) and Music (1st year, Classical Guitar)

One Word to describe other person's style:

Kelly on Brian's Style: "hyper-neo-realistic"

Brian on Kelly's Style: "hypo-anti-existentialism"

Favourite Item with you:

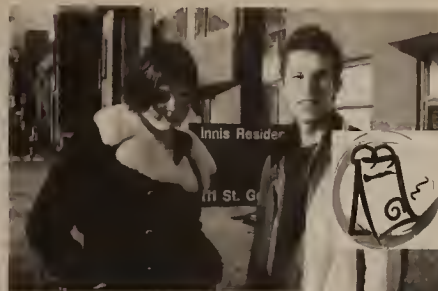
Kelly: "My tongue ring—for utility purposes [of course]."

Brian: "My cleaning services t-shirt from the Exhibition. Recommended Store/Favourite Shop:

Kelly: vintage

Brian: Winners/stealing from Winners

Editors' Note: Kelly and Brian are a very stylish duo. If they were the basis for a modern-day version of Ken and Barbie, then we'd have a lot more toddlers rummaging through Mommy's things and pulling down Daddy's workshirts. A nation of kids with "ironic" hairnets. The future is bright.



Cryptic Solutions

S	T	U	B	B	O	R	N		T	R	O	J	A	N
T	N	U		U					E	U		U		
R	H	I	N	E		S	L	U	M	P		S	U	M
A	C	Z	N	E	N		R	T		B				
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Appendage to the Anti-Uniform Behaviour:

The Canada-Burma Connection: The Clothing that Funds Oppression Canadian shoppers are buying more and more clothes made in Burma and, in doing so, they are unwittingly assisting that country's brutal military dictatorship. "Dirty Clothes-Dirty System", written by journalist Dave Todd, exposes links between the State Law and Order Restoration Council's military procurement agency and Burma's flourishing garment industry. One-sixth of the country's earnings from garment exports goes directly into weapons purchases by the regime's defence ministry. SLORC maintains an army of 375,000 used only against the Burmese peoples. Canadian imports of Burma-made clothing have tripled in recent years, from \$3.3 million in 1993 to an estimated \$10 million this year. Decisions by well-known companies (such as Eddie Bauer, Levi-Strauss, Liz Claiborne, London Fog, Oshkosh B'gosh) to stop sourcing in Burma have raised public awareness. Yet investment in the garment export sector continues to grow, mainly because workers are paid rock-bottom wages averaging eight cents an hour for a 60-hour week. "Dirty Clothes-Dirty System" predicts that without swift action there will be even sharper growth in the export of Burma-made

garments. The World Trade Organization estimates a 60 per cent increase in the global garment trade in the next 10 years. Most of these clothes will be made by Asian workers. Only consumer awareness, strict industry codes of conduct and government action will improve labour conditions and sever dangerous connections such as the one between garments and guns that helps keep the SLORC in power. CFOB says that only the complete withdrawal of foreign companies from Burma can break the linkage that entangles consumers in SLORC's policies of violence and oppression. "Dirty Clothes: Dirty System" names Canadian importers and major retail chains that carry Burmese-made clothes. It concludes with the words of democracy leader Aung San Suu Kyi: "If businessmen do not care that our workers are exposed to exploitation, they should at least be concerned that a dissatisfied labour force will eventually mean social unrest and economic instability". For more information, contact: Christine Harminston, coordinator, Canadian Friends of Burma, 145 Spruce St., suite 206, Ottawa, ON K1R 6P1 Canada; (tel) 613-237-8056, (fax) 613-563-0017, email: cfob@web.net